

Oxford Democrat.

No. 10, Vol. 3, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 11, 1843.

Old Series, No. 21, Vol. 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
George W. Eliffet,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms
the Proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.
A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in ad-
vance, and no credit will be given for a longer period
than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must
be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS.

BY MRS. AMELIA R. WELBY.

Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the butter-cups grew;
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade.
There oft my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my small naked feet were all lafied in bright day,
As I played on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

How soft, that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the faintest gush suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave!
At last I left the bank, and went on the stream,
Rose and fell with the waves as if stirred by a dream,
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the banks where the butter-cups grew.

The beautiful things, how I watched them unfold,
Till they had their delicate bloom of gold;
O, never a spot since those days have been,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such sheen;
How glad was my spirit, for then there was naught
To ladden its wing, save some beautiful thought,
Breaking up from its depths, each wild wind that blew,
O'er the green mossy bank, where the butter-cups grew.

The paths I have trod, I would quickly return,
Could I win back the glances just looked from my face,
With a smile as pure as the wing of a dove,
Cook'd I wander again where my forehead was starred,
And calm as a child, in the sunlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GAMBLER.

It was a rich and elegant apartment. The floors were covered with a costly carpet, the most expensive furniture ornamented the room, and on the walls were hung a few fine pieces from the older masters. The hour was past midnight. The chandelier burned dimly, throwing a faint light over the crimson drapery around, and just permitting you to see upon a sofa, with her hands clasped, sat the mistress of this lordly mansion. Why, with all this gorgeousness and wealth, did she weep there an almost broken-hearted wife?

Emily Languerre was an orphan and an heiress. At an early age she had married one every way worthy of her pure and guileless heart, and for four years of unalloyed happiness all had been beautiful and bright. But alas! when the sky is fairest, the storm may be already gathering on the horizon, and before three winters had darkened the curls of her little boy, a change gradually came over her once adoring husband. It could all be told in one word—he had become a gambler.

Amid the fashionable amusements of the day, card playing was pre-eminent, and though he indulged in it at first to spend an idle hour or to gratify a friend, it was not long before he acquired a liking, which was soon lost in an uncontrollable passion for the excitement of play. From the sport it became the necessary of life. His cheek grew pale, his eye became wild, he spent half the night at the gaming table, and it was rumored that his fortune had already deeply suffered. His meek wife, however, had borne it all without complaint. Her looks of tender entreaty were all that told how bitterly she felt it—they were voiceless, it is true, but they cut the gambler to the heart.

It was long past midnight, and still that lonely wife waited for her husband. Even his late hours had long past, and she began to fear that some accident had happened to detain him. Her suspense, at last, grew painfully oppressive. She knew not what to think—her mind was tortured with a thousand fears. Oh! there is nothing like the agony of waiting for those you love hours after your reason tells you they should have been by your side. At last she rose, and went to the window. Suddenly a step was heard coming up the street, and her heart beat quicker at the sound. But it was only the watchman. She turned away, sought the couch of her boy, and looking on his cherub face as he lay there in the sleep of innocent childhood, found relief in a flood of tears.

Her quick ear at length heard her husband's step in the hall, and springing up, she brushed away her tears, and hurried to welcome him. "Oh! Charles, I am so glad—thank God! you are safe—I was afraid some accident had happened to you," and a smile struggled through her half-dried tears.

Her husband stared at her vacantly an instant, and seemed tortured with an upbraiding voice within. He appeared, for the time, ashamed of his career; but the demon that had possession of him whispered him to drown his feelings in an angry reply.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "haven't I often told you you hurt your health by waiting up at this rate. One can't be out without having it thought he's killed; but that is the way!"

The wife had, hitherto, looked incredulously at him. It was the first time,—bad as his conduct otherwise had been,—that he had ever spoken harshly and angrily to her. It went through her heart like an ice-holt. She only gasped "Charles," and turned her face away to hide her tears.

The man stood like one struck dumb. The words had scarcely left his mouth before he would

have given words to have recalled them. That single name, so gently, so meekly said, told more than volumes of upbraiding. Yet his pride for a moment forbade him to acknowledge his error, and his evil genius whispered him to harden his heart against the mute eloquence of his wife. But he had still some noble feelings left, and they at last triumphed.

"Emily," he said, "Emily—forgive me. I am beside myself—I hardly yet know what I do," and as he spoke, you might detect in his care-worn face, the ravages of hours of unusual suffering.

His gentle wife turned round,—so ready is woman to forgive—and had already placed her hand in his, when noticing the haggard look of his countenance she eagerly exclaimed,

"But what is the matter?—You look sick, troubled—your dress is disordered—are you well—has anything happened—shall I bring you some wine?—what can I do for you? Oh! speak, Charles—quick."

The man was deeply moved by the tender anxiety of his wife. He buried his face in his hands for a moment, and groaned aloud. He seemed to have something which he dared not tell. At last raising his head, he said with fearful calmness, for the muscles of the face, the white, were working with the intensest feeling,

"Matter, oh! Emily I have ruined you. This morning I was a rich man, to-night I am almost a beggar. You have heard it all—you and your child are paupers—hate me now," and with the terrible calmness of despair he stood there like a doomed criminal, yet afraid to raise his eyes to meet the gaze of his injured wife.

"Is that all, Charles?" she calmly asked, after a momentary pause, "is that all? Oh! if it will only persuade you to leave off play, all will yet be well. We have life and health, and happiness, and with them we can again be happy. Nor are we ruined—even if we have lost all!"

"Not quite all, thank God!" murmured her husband.

"Then we shall yet be happy," almost sobbed the wife, yielding to the glad belief that her husband was repentant, and loosing in that blissful feeling all dread of other woes, "we shall yet be happy. We have enough for a competency, and we will go away from this wicked city and all its temptations, and finding some quiet retreat in the country, we will live there in our little cottage and you will love me and little Henry as you used to; and you will no longer leave me to watch till my heart almost breaks; and the joyous days we once had will again revisit us; and you shall read to me as I say, and Harry pratiles grieves an you joy, and we shall be so happy—so very happy, as the aconite rose up before her, so much in contrast with her late unhappiness, she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept for gladness.

He, too, was affected almost to tears. His better sympathies were once more aroused, and he vowed as he looked upon his wife, never to touch a card again. Oh! there is something irresistible in the mute eloquence of a woman's tears.

Dark indeed must be that soul, and hard and seared that heart which can withstand the silent pleading of an injured wife.

"Noble, neglected woman," he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his bosom, "how have I wronged you. But it is over,—I will never touch a card again—if I do, may utter, irretrievable ruin come upon me."

"Hush, hush," murmured his glad wife, "how dreadful you talk—only let us get away from this city—we shall be too happy!"

And well had it been for all, if in the first moment of his new resolution, he had taken the advice of his wife, flown from the city as from a pestilence, and sought safety in some quiet spot, where temptation could not reach him, and where his wife and child might have fixed him firmly in the paths of virtue. Would to God he had done so!

—then might we have been spared his dark and eventful history. But alas! for the self-confidence of man.

His affairs, when they came to be examined, were found far less involved than in the

madness resulting from the consciousness of losing vast sums on the night on which he abjured play, he had at first supposed them. He even found, that with strict economy, his old establishment might be supported.

As yet his losses were a secret, and his pride revolted from disclosing them by flying from the city.

In an evil hour he resolved to remain. That hour rang the knell of his ruin.

The gray morning was already dawning, when this miserable wretch turned into a still narrow

alley, and entering the door of a low and ruinous

frame structure, groped through its narrow entry,

up its narrower staircase, and stood for a moment

at the landing, as with a curse he jerked off his hat, and along the rain in showers from it on the wall.

The noise of his footsteps had scarcely

ceased before the creaking door was timidly opened,

and a pale, emaciated boy, not more than nine

or ten years old, shading with one hand the candle

he held in the other, stepped out upon the landing, and closing the door behind him, asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"

It was a strange thing to hear that tender word

in such a place; and it might have melted the

vile heart, coming as it did from a creature so

beautifully delicate as that sickly boy. But what

can move the drunkard's bosom?

"Yes, wet to the skin, curse it," said the man

"why ain't you abed and asleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrank back at this coarse sa-

lutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he

did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?"

said the wretch, "it's bad enough to hear a sick

wife grumbling all day, without having you kept

up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to

bed, you imp,—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed

to have deprived him of speech; but still holding

on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he

trembled, his breath came shorter, he even moan-

ed, and stood right in the way in which his parent would

have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with

an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the light

and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your

body."

With the contest; and long before he left the house, he was once more an eager Gambler. Before the power of his master passion, his vows, his promises, his resolutions, were as willow-witches in a giant's hand. Even the meek face of his wife was forgotten, and with wild eye and excited mien, he left the gaming house at midnight.

fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother, I'll tell now,"—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, loosing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't—mustn't go."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily, "this comes of leaving you to tell the tortures of his bosom. He remembered his vows, his wife's entreaties, his little boy, and his own faithlessness, until his soul seemed on fire with remorse. He trembled to meet the silent, upbraiding look of his wife. It was in his bosom, and a thousand sorrows at his heart. A recklessness, a phrenzy seized upon him,—he stopped at an eating-house, and swallowed draught after draught of brandy; he strove in inebriety to drown his feelings; and, for the first time, he reeled home a drunkard. Who can tell the agony at his fire-side that night? Gambling and drunkenness had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still thro' every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him, —for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him?—She had borne much, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her.—she was dying of a broken heart!

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes.

There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart?

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second, added, "Poor babe, he don't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love—I can't see—has the wind blown out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter, "this is death! Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow.

He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the gambler. Starting up from his kneeling posture, he gazed wildly upon the corpse, and the gazed remorse already began to gnaw at his vitals. He felt himself her murderer, and the recollection of her sainted purity in forgiving him, only smote him the deeper.

The fiends of hell were at his heart, and revelling in his bosom. His brain reeled, his eyes swam, his steps tottered beneath him, wild figures flitted before his fancy, and snatching up his hat, he cast one look on the angelic countenance of his wife, and then rushed frantic into the storm.

Long lay the boy beside his mother,—but his swoon at last was over, and when he recovered his recollection, he was alone with the dead. He scarcely noticed it, however: for his grief was too big to endure. One short moment he gazed around the room, but seeing he could do nothing, he covered the face of the corpse with the sheet, and sat down by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry. Hour after hour passed, and still he moved not,—the only sound beside his sons was the patter of the rain upon the roof, and its melancholy drip upon the floor.

When, long after sunrise, his half insane parent returned with some of the neighbors, he had fallen over on the bed, and was sleeping quietly beside his mother. A smile was on his face—perhaps he had been dreaming.

Well, they buried her. Few followed her, in a coarse, pine coffin, to the pauper's grave.

But as the callous sexton flung the sods upon the lid, with a jest at her former fortune, one wild, heartbroken wail rose up from the little group,

so utterly, so fearfully despairing that even the grave digger paused an instant in his task. It was her little boy!

For awhile the repentant husband remembered the admonition of his wife, and withheld every craving to return to his former courses. But alas! human nature is weak; and when the fangs of the destroyer are once fixed, no earthly power

can tear them from their hold. The grass was scarcely green upon the grave of his murdered wife, before he had once more gradually relapsed,

his contagion. They consulted me, we took him away, and the father knew too well to attempt to recover him.

Years passed by. The man became a gambler by profession, and experienced all the reverses of his wild, erratic life. One time he was revelling in his ill-gotten gains, and another time he was a penniless, unsheltered wanderer. Yet year by year he sunk lower; and every winter found him more poorly provided for its storms. Wherever he went, too, he was haunted by an undying remorse. In vain he wandered from city to city, in search of victims, or to drown his upbraiding thoughts. The bowl gave him no relief. In the intervals of ineptitude, he was possessed with worse torments than before. Oh! he would have given worlds to have felt as he once felt, to have looked once more on life with a bright and happy heart, to have wondered again by his father's little streamlet a pure and ardent boy.

Five years rolled by, and he was once more a beggar. He was more—he was felon. Distress had driven him to crime, he had been detected, and the blood hounds of the law were already on his track.

It was a cold, tempestuous night in December, when he found himself amid a raging snow storm, flying on foot across the open country before his pursuers. The night was setting in, dark, blustering, withering. The wind swept wildly over the fields, now dying away in mournful wails, and then screaming by in the wildest intonations,—whirling the fine snow in clouds before it, and driving it into the fugitive's face as he attempted to make head against the storm. In the galleries of the road the snow had already drifted waist-deep, and was fast collecting in still larger quantities, to entrap the unsuspecting traveller. You could not see a dozen rods before you. There was something awfully fearful in the wintry landscape! The darkness settling around, the wind sighing through the trees, the wild shriek of the puffs of the gale, and then the almost supernatural stillness that followed, at times, its moanings, when the flakes poured down in such millions from the sky, that it seemed as if that poor, half-dead fugitive was fated to be buried under them.

Night came, and still he struggled on. His look was haggard, his lips were blue with cold, and his teeth chattered as he drew his ragged garment around him. Disease was marked in every lineament of his face; his eyes were hollow and ghastly with watching; and you could have seen by the toil with which he moved that he was very weak. Yet fear forbade him to seek shelter, and had he wished it, he knew not where to turn. Every now and then he paused to cast an agonising look upon the bleak, cold sky, or see if he could catch, amid the wailings of the tempest, the distant shout of his pursuers.

Yet fierce as was that storm, it was nothing to the one raging at his bosom. It seemed as if all the misdeeds of his life had chosen that hour to return upon and torment him; and amid all his memories, none was more dreadful than that pale face of his murdered wife, seeming to meet him at every turn. There she stood, just by that snowbank, looking as pale, and wan, and heart-broken as she did the night on which she died. Anon she was gliding by his side, gazing steadily into his eyes, and there, and there, and there. Oh! terrible were the stingings of that wretch's conscience. He groaned aloud, and sitting down by the way-side, covered his face with his hands.

But the storm raged louder and louder yet,—and the wretched fugitive as he began to grow benumbed, remembered that to sit still was death. Wretched as he was he would not die. He made an effort to advance, but weakness, sickness, and cold prevented him, and staggering a few paces he fell exhausted upon a snow-bank. He grew desperate with fear,—he tried again and again—he shouted aloud in uncontrollable agony. But no ear heard his cry. Oh! what would he then have given for a sight of his pursuers! Death had set his fingers on his brow, and already he felt their icy grasp around his heart. He struggled, he screamed, he uttered the most frightful imprecations in his phrenzy. Once more he essayed to move, but he might as well have tried to wipe away his years of crime. He felt he could do no more, and he howled like a madman in his terrible despair. Now he prayed wildly for mercy—now his curses seemed bursting from the lips of a fiend. Despite his frantic struggles the snow gradually drifted around him; his shrieks grew weaker and fainter, and at last ceased altogether. Before midnight he was lying, half-buried, a stiffened, unshiven corpse.

I was driving, the next morning, in my sleigh, from the country town of —, where I had been to attend a trial of some importance, when just as I was entering a wood, after traversing an open country of a mile or two, my horse suddenly started, shied and almost threw me from my little vehicle. Thinking I saw a hat lying by the road, I alighted. There was a heap of snow close by it, and with trembling hands, for I forebore the result—I brushed away the light covering, and started back as I gazed on the haggard features of the gambler, set rigidly in death. Amid all the ravages of disease, and though I had not seen him for years, I knew him at once. His dark end is now told—it was a fitting close to a life of guilt.—[Graham's Magazine.]

THE TRUE PARTY DOCTRINE.—The *Pennsylvanian*, in alluding to the desire of some to take into full fellowship many who are now reposing under the official shield of the present administration, very soundly remarks that the Democratic party gains nothing in the end by "conciliations" and compromises of this sort. If men, who wish to occupy the position of leaders, are free to come and go—to be now a Democrat, anon a Whig, and again a hybrid—a first, a second, or a third party, as they please, and are to be received, whenever they choose to throw the backward somerset, without question and without penance, we are never safe. At every crisis, Democracy will find itself a sacrifice, and will be used in the hour of prosperity, merely as a cushion of repose. And still greater will be the danger, if, after much suffering and tribulation to rid ourselves of the treacherous, we are to reinstate them in full rank, whenever they are pleased to indicate a desire to be thus "conciliated." To pursue such a course as this, is to destroy all distinctive charac-

teristics, and to be Democratic only in name. If, therefore, those who have left us do sincerely repent their backslidings, let them fall modestly into the ranks, while sterner soldiers lead the van.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 11, 1843.

"The great popular party is already called almost *en masse* around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still hang will soon be raised under its simple folds. On that banner is inscribed: *FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; FORTRESSMENT; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION.* Victory to such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles are faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country!"—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON,

OF BELFAST.

Oxford County Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford, and also the Towns and Plantations composing Oxford Senatorial District, are requested to send Delegates to a Convention to be held at the COURT-HOUSE in PARIS, on Thursday, the tenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A.M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and other County Officers to be supported at the ensuing election.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and under one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and under two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and under four hundred, four; over four hundred, five Delegates each.

Per order of the County Committee.

June 16, 1843.

Fourth Congressional District Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County, together with that part of Oxford and Kennebec Counties, which compose the fourth Congressional District, are requested to meet at Col. John Nash's Hotel in Lewiston, on Wednesday the sixteenth day of August next, at 11 o'clock A.M. for the purpose of selecting a candidate to be supported for Representative to the next Congress, and act upon any business in relation to future Conventions that may come before them, in accordance with the vote passed at a meeting of the Democratic Delegation of the 4th Congressional District, held at the State House on the 23d day of March last. The following is to be the basis of representation at said Convention.

All towns and regularly organized plantations that cast at the annual election of Governor in 1841, one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes, or less, will send one delegate each—towns that cast more than one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes and less than two hundred and seventy-five, will send two delegates—over two hundred and seventy-five, and not exceeding four hundred and fifty, three—over four hundred and fifty, and not exceeding six hundred, four—over four hundred, five—Plantations organized for the purpose of voting, and not for taxation, are not entitled to separate representation.

JOSHUA PATTERSON,
HIRAM CHAPMAN, District

OPPOSITION TO THE NOMINEE OF THE STATE CONVENTION.

We regret to hear that some of our friends, members of the Democratic party, at Augusta, have assembled to organize opposition to Mr. ANDERSON.

We regret this event the more, because we consider it uncalled for, and in all respects, unreasonable. If the nomination of Mr. Anderson had been the result of bargain, or dissimulation, or treachery, or want of capacity, we should feel ourselves bound by all the ties of honor, and above all by our love of country, to oppose his election. Or, if he were a man in whom trust could not be reposed with safety, we should likewise join with the Augusta protesters, in opposing the doings of the Convention. But we believe no such things. If there was ever a State Convention in Maine whose doings should command the respect of the people, we believe it should be the one recently held at Bangor. As for numbers, there were not so many as there might have been, but as many as usually attend such a Convention. As for talent, it exceeded any Convention held in the State since the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. And as for honesty and integrity of purpose, the numbers, individually and collectively, deserve, as well as receive, the full confidence of the Democratic party.

As to the nominee of the Convention, we can say but very little, personally; for we never had the honor of his acquaintance. That he is an honest, upright, and worthy citizen, we fully believe; for we have had the repeated attestations of his neighbors to that effect. Not only that, the federal paper published in his own immediate neighborhood will not and cannot charge him with dishonesty as a man or politician; but, on the contrary, gives testimony to his private worth in the following language:

"We respect Mr. Anderson as a neighbor and townsmen and only object to him on political grounds; and whatever we may consider it our duty to say, sooner or later, we wish to have it understood that we speak of his acts and principles, politically."

Of course, we expect the Signal will object to Mr. Anderson's political sentiments. This is all right and reasonable. But would this same Signal speak well of Mr. Anderson as a citizen, and say, "We respect him as a neighbor and townsmen?" if a black spot could be found in his character? Those who are at all familiar with the electioneering tact of our opponents know better than to think so. We believe his private character to be irreproachable; and consequently he possesses in our estimation the first and most important qualification of a public Magistrate.

In regard to Mr. Anderson's qualifications, political, so far as services and talents are concerned, the Belfast Journal thus speaks:

"The nomination of Hon. Upton J. ANDERSON, as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Maine, we cannot doubt, will be cordially received by the democracy of the State. His long and strict adherence to the democratic party, and the ability and faithfulness with which he has always urged its great principles, as well as his connection with this green spot of democracy, entitle him to the confidence now reposed in him by the democracy of the State. A service

of two terms in Congress, where he was excelled by few, if any, in his close attention to the public business; a hard worker there, on important committees, where himself and others have performed the work, and let others do the talk; and where he exerted the respect and influence which his practical and sound common sense widely gained for him, to effect important reforms, and urge on the public business; a close attachment to our institutions—have qualified him for the responsible station to which we ardently hope he will be called. He is one of those self-made men of our State, and indeed our whole country, who are so proud, whose native talents and energies have overcome all obstacles, and made for themselves the good fortune that has attended them. He is a practical business man, thoroughly acquainted with the great interest of the State, and whose energy and firmness of character will ensure that they will be jealously guarded; and ardently extended.—Estimable in private life, strict in the discharge of his duty, and competent to conduct with profit to the public good the responsible duties to which he has been nominated, we can safely say that he possesses all the qualifications for the office which Jefferson, the apostle of Democracy, deemed the test of fitness."

"And is he faithful? Is he honest? Is he capable?"

These are our reasons for supporting the nominee of the Convention. We consider them such, as should induce all democrats to conform in the present instance to the usages of the Democratic party, and unite them as one against the machinations of self-styled Whigs.

The movement in Augusta against Mr. Anderson, is confined chiefly to the Irish population; and particularly to the Catholic portion. They prefer Mr. Kavanaugh. This is natural; but their preferences ought not to be consulted or gratified to any greater extent than other classes of our citizens. Mr. Anderson we learn is of Irish descent, and will of course entertain views sufficiently congenial to Irishmen on all matters in which they are interested. This movement is somewhat circumscribed, as will be seen by the following from the Age:

"Aside from those of whom we have now spoken, we do not think that the number of democrats acting in the meeting held here, exceeds ten. Several persons acted there, under the name and guise of democrats, whose hostility to the party has been long known, and there was, of course a considerable body of Federalists, lending to the movement the encouragement of their presence. Upon the whole, the total deficiency is excellent in quality, and ample in quantity, and would do credit to the taste and liberality of any place. Two of those persons were present who now constitute a mere remnant of that glorious army, which procured, through dangers of the most extraordinary character, the acknowledgement of our Independence.—Their happy countenances showed that the scenes of more than half a century were present to their mental vision; and that they appreciate the sentiment of Revolutionary patriot, "that on the return of this day—they would shed tears, copious gushing tears; not of subjugation and slavery; but of exultation, gratitude, and joy." Citizens, guests, and strangers, all expressed themselves gratified and highly pleased with the proceedings of the day; and the ladies, as usual, were present on the occasion to heighten virtue and encourage valor. From what I can learn, Greenwood intends to be Washingtonian, not only in temperance, but in discretion, justice, prudence, and magnanimity.

For the Democrat.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH, AT GREENWOOD.

Preparation was made to celebrate this memorable day at this place, by the Washingtonians. The day was beautiful—cool, clear, and pleasant. At an early hour, the citizens began to assemble from various adjoining towns, until a large number had convened.

The new Artillery Corps from this town, with a splendid band of music, and one of their field pieces, were present on the occasion, and made a fine appearance.

At about eleven o'clock a procession was formed by direction of Francis Bennett, Esq., Marshall of the day, under escort of the artillery, which proceeded to the meeting house, where, after prayer & reading the Declaration of Independence, an Oration was delivered by Dr. T. H. Brown, of this town. It was written in a clear, energetic style, and with great ability.

For an hour a crowded audience was intensely interested in listening to an address full of patriotic sentiments, and eloquently expressed. Its whole performance would have done great credit to any individual in the community.

The procession then returned to Mr. Bennett's. After waiting awhile for the preparation of refreshments, it was re-formed, and, under escort, marched to the bower, where they all partook of a generous collation. The bower was about 75 feet in length, large and commodious. A table was set, and seats prepared the full length. The Collation was excellent in quality, and ample in quantity, and would do credit to the taste and liberality of any place.

Two of those persons were present who now constitute a mere remnant of that glorious army, which procured, through dangers of the most extraordinary character, the acknowledgement of our Independence.—Their happy countenances showed that the scenes of more than half a century were present to their mental vision; and that they appreciate the sentiment of Revolutionary patriot, "that on the return of this day—they would shed tears, copious gushing tears;

"And if we cannot alter things,
By G-d, we'll change their names, Sir."

Thus it is that we are to get rid of a *Protective Tariff*: call it a *Revenue Tariff* and the thing is done!

We have seen the Whig Tariff of 1842 called a *Revenue Tariff*, although many of its duties are *absolutely prohibitory*.

But here is ground for a *Compromise*. Call the new Act to be passed a *Revenue Tariff*; but adjust the scale of duties so as to give the Manufacturers and their allied interests *all the protection they want*! With such a compromise, they are willing to permit a *Revenue Tariff* to become the settled policy of the Country! Very good—if the Democratic Party will agree to it.

The New York Journal of Commerce is a Free Trade paper—honestly so—and a Webster paper why, we know not. Its Editors in the annexed article, appear to be somewhat in a quandary between the Webster Correspondence and the subsequent *explanations*. We give it insertion for the amusement as well as instruction of our readers.

The Journal is right in supposing the Democrats do not intend that Mr. Webster shall

have the "glory" of adjusting the matter by Treaty.

His Boundary Treaty is "glory enough" for such a man in *their* estimation. They do not intend he shall have another chance to lay his country at the feet of *foreign scoundrels*.

We wish a milder word would convey the truth in relation to the late Treaty. No; they prefer adjusting the Tariff through the Constitutional Organ, the Congress of the United States. But hear the Journal of Commerce:—

"PROTECTION A DELUSION."

"The storm raised by our paragraph announcing beforehand the letter of the Boston gentlemen to Mr. Webster, has raged and subsided.—Now let us see what is the real state of the case, as developed by the letter itself, and the documents since brought forward! We published by one of the most wealthy and intelligent manufacturers of that city, who has always enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the manufacturers there. The writer, after denying that our view of the opinion of the manufacturers was correct, concludes as follows:

"No, gentlemen, the protective system on the only ground on which we have ever supported it, that of a distribution of the duties on imports requisite for revenue, in a manner to afford protection to the productions of our own industry, never stood higher than at present, with both the manufacturers and merchants of Boston."

If we had not received the declaration with the signature of the gentleman who wrote it, we should not have believed that he and ourselves could be so widely apart upon a matter of fact so constantly before our eyes. This 'only ground' on which protection has ever been advocated, has been the exact ground on which we have always advocated the policy of free trade. If the fact is as Boston states, then we have had a controversy of twenty years without any disagreement. But cannot be so. This has not been the ground on which protection has generally been advocated, nor the measure to which it has been carried.

Duties of fifty to more than an hundred per cent, shutting out the foreign article almost if not quite entirely, are these the duties 'requisite for revenue'? These are duties which annihilate revenue. This may have been the only ground on which our correspondent has ever advocated protection, or thought it right to advocate it; but if it is the prevalent basis now in Massachusetts, then certainly men have come to think that protection upon the old basis, that 'the home market is to the home manufacturer,' or any modification of it, is a delusion. The Boston Daily Advertiser a paper more in the confidence of the wealth and intelligence of Boston than any other perhaps, says: 'The policy founded on the basis of this system of protection, we consider absurd in theory, and, when applied to the encouragement of an increased application of labor to a particular branch of industry, injurious in practice.' These may have been the opinions of the editor all along, as they have been of almost all intelligent and unbiased men, but it would have been in accordance with the feeling in Boston, ten years ago, to argue them.

The letter to Mr. Webster states that the thing desired, is the adjustment of international trade 'upon free principles and reciprocity of benefits.' This is a new phraseology to us, in the description of protection. Mr. Webster in his reply dwells upon such an adjustment of the matter as will be permanent, and this every body knows can not be the characteristic of such a tariff as the present, or that of 1824 or 1828.—But not to go more into detail, we may say that the opinions put forth by all these gentlemen are wonderfully like those which we have advocated in the midst of a furious opposition ever since the establishment of this paper, viz: that the adjustment of a revenue tariff in such a manner as to encourage domestic manufacturers, taking care that the most desirable of all things, permanence, should be ensured by moderation. But an opposite policy has prevailed, greatly to the damage of the country, much longer than we supposed it possi-

For the Democrat.

While enjoying the hospitalities of the Ladies of Norway Village, at their elegant and bountiful collation given on the ever memorable Fourth, we were pain-

ful mortified at what seemed to us a great want of decorum on the part of a few, and we are sorry to say, but a very few, individuals who were present on the occasion.

We allude to the indecent *grooming* spirit, which governed them; for they ate "as for their lives," and not content with satisfying the cravings of a voracious appetite, their *ravacity* was still to be appeased by filling their pockets and *walk bags* with the good things before them, and even *begging* old newspapers in which

to wrap up the excess of the "spoil." Among all ladies and gentlemen such conduct has ever been regarded as bad taste, and by many, as exceedingly reprehensible.

In this case it was the more offensive, because

the Messieurs Minister, I am happy to confirm the answer of my aged brother, I am persecuted that the

of Commerce, all we would
Journal. The
coming more and
now is becoming
the leader of Mr.
say for an ab-
solute idea." We
the ed-
posteriority and
Mr. Webster,
ARIFF.

ble. It was in fact abandoned by the Compromise Act in 1832, but revised for a short period under a strange combination of circumstances by the last Congress, which in truth, and as Mr. Clay declared in his place, had not in either House a majority favorable to protection. That Congress possessed the power, however, to make a permanent and judicious tariff, upon the basis stated by Boston." But that power has passed into other hands, and the policy of protection will be reversed, and perhaps more radically even than under the circumstances it ought to be. But we warned the manufacturers of the danger in season, if danger it is, and we know that great numbers of them have for years, and some from the start, viewed the matter just as it is viewed in all the articles to which we have alluded above. We close by saying, that the plan brought forward formally by Mr. Webster, and advocated in the Boston letter, of adjusting tariffs by treaty, seems to us a very excellent plan, but not at all likely to be adopted. The Democrats, who are in the ascendant at Washington and through the country, are not disposed to have the glory of adjusting this matter placed on Mr. Webster's head, or in any way secured to New England. There will therefore be nothing done about it, and the present misshapen tariff must come to its death by the hands of its enemies next winter."

MR. CALHOUN'S FRIENDS.

Some of the more earnest and impetuous friends of Mr. Van Buren, have accused the friends of Mr. Calhoun of want of concert in their action concerning the National Convention. We have ever believed that Mr. Calhoun and his friends were willing to abide the decision of the majority of the Democratic party, however that decision might be expressed. If we could have believed differently heretofore we could not now, since the South Carolinian, a paper strong in the interest of Mr. Calhoun, has made the following frank avowals, in reply to an article in the Richmond Enquirer:

"We do not feel authorized to speak for the Convention of the State, beyond our individual impressions. We were confined by sickness, during the Convention, and had, consequently, but little communication with the members of it; none that expresses to us, more than the Enquirer, might beyond what is said in the Address.—There is nothing in that Address indicating an intention to decline all participation in the business of the General Convention, if any State should act on a different mode from the vote by District, or the majority of that Convention should decide against the vote *per capita*—nor can we see any thing to justify the suspicion of it in the Enquirer, or the expression of a suspicion calculated to excite the distrust of others. Pennsylvania determined some time ago to 'act upon a different mode from her,' (South Carolina,) as to 'the delegation by Districts,' yet the Enquirer has seen no word of complaint in a single paper of this State, against that determination. And as to the vote *per capita*, if the Convention so timed and organized as to express fully, and fairly the will of the Democratic Party, South Carolina will be the last to dissent from its nominations on account of their not concurring in her own first preference. The first consideration with her people, is their principles. They are satisfied, from its open professions and demonstrations, that the great mass of the Democratic party agree with them in principle; and they confidently believe that the Convention will be so timed and organized as to do justice to those principles, and the will and wishes of the majority of the party. If they did not, they would not have proceeded as they have done, to concur in the adoption and action of the Convention. There is no trickery, no disguise, 'no two ways' about them—no private under-currents, no party machinery, no secret party organization. The Enquirer and others, can judge of their opinions, principles, preferences, and purposes, as well as we, from their newspapers, and the proceedings of their late primary meetings in each district. Mark the exceeding unanimity of those proceedings, and general declaration for principle, in preference even of Mr. Calhoun. Yet there was no pre-concert in this. Such is the general honesty of principle and purpose in our people, that each honest citizen may always easily and confidently judge and speak for the mass by himself. Of all the members of their Convention, composed of the ablest and most influential men of the State, not one sought a private interview with us, on the subject, or expressed any secret opinion on it, or sought in the slightest degree to control, direct, guide, or in any way interfere with our opinions—not even to the extent of advising us. And since Mr. Calhoun has been spoken of as a candidate for President, we have not exchanged a single word with him, directly or indirectly, nor do we believe has any Editor in the State. The Enquirer, then, has about as good an opportunity of knowing, from the proceedings of the people, in their primary meetings in each district, and their late Convention, what South Carolina will or will not do, as we. She has no concealed, and scorns all indirection."

GEORGIA CONVENTION.

The State Democratic Convention assembled at Milledgeville on the 4th ult., and was organized by appointing Dr. F. Ford, President, and F. H. Sutord, Secretary. We have not received the regular proceedings, but learn from the papers, that a committee of twenty-one was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of expressing, by the convention, their preference of a candidate for the Presidency. The committee reported on the following day, recommending Mr. Calhoun to the National Convention, re-appointing the delegates appointed during the last session of the Legislature, and instructing them to vote for that gentleman in the National Convention to assemble in Baltimore in May, 1844. The committee also reported resolutions declaring that they would abide by the decision of the National Convention. The Georgian states that the report and resolutions were adopted after a few remarks from the Hon. Howell Cobb and Mr. Hunter against them, and Mr. McLaws of Augusta, in favor. Mr. Cobb's speech was mild and conciliatory, expressing a preference for Mr. Van Buren, but each and all avowed a determination to sacrifice private predilection to the voice of the National Convention.

Besides the above proceedings, the Convention proceeded to select a Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of the State, when, on the fifth ballot, Mark A. Cooper, Esq., received the nomination.

Mr. James H. Stark, of Bullock, was then nominated as a candidate for Congress, in the place of Mr. Cooper.—*Baltimore Republican.*

We are happy to see the evidences multiplying in favor of Mr. Calhoun. Georgia is no longer doubtful, and other States will soon show their preference for him. A part of the delegation from this State will be in his favor; and we do not doubt that a recommendation to that effect would have been passed at the recent State convention, if delegates had been elected in all the Counties with express reference to the Presidential question.

INFLUENZA.

A sort of epidemic, taking the various forms of cold in the head, cough, soar throat, lumbago, &c., has prevailed very generally in this city for a fortnight past.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

We speak *feelingly* in adding our confirmation to the above item. But it is true that "misery loves company," the sufferers are not without a certain kind of solace. We are informed that nearly thirty persons were sick last week from Mr. Van Benthuyzen's printing and binding establishment.—*Albany Argus.*

In the United States Court, (New York city,) Mr. Van Buren, have accused the friends of Mr. Calhoun of want of concert in their action concerning the National Convention. We have ever believed that Mr. Calhoun and his friends were willing to abide the decision of the majority of the Democratic party, however that decision might be expressed. If we could have believed differently heretofore we could not now, since the South Carolinian, a paper strong in the interest of Mr. Calhoun, has made the following frank avowals, in reply to an article in the Richmond Enquirer:

"We do not feel authorized to speak for the Convention of the State, beyond our individual impressions. We were confined by sickness, during the Convention, and had, consequently, but little communication with the members of it; none that expresses to us, more than the Enquirer, might beyond what is said in the Address.—There is nothing in that Address indicating an intention to decline all participation in the business of the General Convention, if any State should act on a different mode from the vote by District, or the majority of that Convention should decide against the vote *per capita*—nor can we see any thing to justify the suspicion of it in the Enquirer, or the expression of a suspicion calculated to excite the distrust of others. Pennsylvania determined some time ago to 'act upon a different mode from her,' (South Carolina,) as to 'the delegation by Districts,' yet the Enquirer has seen no word of complaint in a single paper of this State, against that determination. And as to the vote *per capita*, if the Convention so timed and organized as to express fully, and fairly the will of the Democratic Party, South Carolina will be the last to dissent from its nominations on account of their not concurring in her own first preference. The first consideration with her people, is their principles. They are satisfied, from its open professions and demonstrations, that the great mass of the Democratic party agree with them in principle; and they confidently believe that the Convention will be so timed and organized as to do justice to those principles, and the will and wishes of the majority of the party. If they did not, they would not have proceeded as they have done, to concur in the adoption and action of the Convention. There is no trickery, no disguise, 'no two ways' about them—no private under-currents, no party machinery, no secret party organization. The Enquirer and others, can judge of their opinions, principles, preferences, and purposes, as well as we, from their newspapers, and the proceedings of their late primary meetings in each district. Mark the exceeding unanimity of those proceedings, and general declaration for principle, in preference even of Mr. Calhoun. Yet there was no pre-concert in this. Such is the general honesty of principle and purpose in our people, that each honest citizen may always easily and confidently judge and speak for the mass by himself. Of all the members of their Convention, composed of the ablest and most influential men of the State, not one sought a private interview with us, on the subject, or expressed any secret opinion on it, or sought in the slightest degree to control, direct, guide, or in any way interfere with our opinions—not even to the extent of advising us. And since Mr. Calhoun has been spoken of as a candidate for President, we have not exchanged a single word with him, directly or indirectly, nor do we believe has any Editor in the State. The Enquirer, then, has about as good an opportunity of knowing, from the proceedings of the people, in their primary meetings in each district, and their late Convention, what South Carolina will or will not do, as we. She has no concealed, and scorns all indirection."

IMPORTANT PREDICTION.

"Van Buren's fate is sealed."—*Eastern Argus.*

GEORGIA.

"The Brig Somers arrived at Savannah on the 22nd ult. The citizens were preparing to make a visit to her.

"At Columbus, considerable excitement prevails in consequence of the suicide in court of a bridegroom, who was on trial for corn stealing. At the same time, a man was drowned in the river, while attempting to escape from some officers who were in pursuit of him for selling liquor in Alabama, without a license. Scarcely had this occurred when an interesting boy of eight years of age was also drowned. Meanwhile the trial of Lang Lewis, one of the Bank robbers is going on, of which the Savannah Republican says: 'Seven pannels of forty-eight men were exhausted, before his counsel succeeded in packing such a jury as will probably clear him.'

"And he was cleared, although there seems not to be in the public mind a shadow of doubt as to his guilt! So strong is the feeling of the people that at a Public Meeting the verdict was denounced and Lewis warned to leave the State.

A great place is that Columbus!—*Kendall's Expositor.*

CALHOUN IN MAINE.—We were not aware of the strength of Mr. Calhoun in this State, until its appearance in the late State Convention.—He is gaining ground every day, and can count with certainty upon a part of the Maine delegation at the National Convention. Who would have thought it!—*Waldo Signal.*

You are right in that. As the democracy look at the presidential question, the better satisfied are they that Mr. Calhoun is the best man that can be run. His friends are increasing fifty per cent. a week.—*Portland American.*

NEUTRALS.

The following is capital. It is from the Democratic Review, and hits the nail directly on the head. We cannot but feel contempt for these no party men wherever and whenever we find them.

We occasionally see some religious persons who are too conscientious to intermingle in political strife! Now what very extraordinary coincidences those men must have. Is it not their duty to see the government well administered and wholesome and righteous laws enacted?—Are they not bound to look after the rights of the masses? True—but then there is so much quarrelling, and so much of—a hundred other matters. Well, come into the field, and reform these errors. Give us your example and your precept!—*Port. American.*

"Your neutral man in politics is just the person upon whom the contempt of mankind may be heaped without fear of injustice; the saliva of an honest, free-thoughted citizen is too nervous an ointment to bestow upon him; he is good for nothing, and deserving of nothing; the Greeks of old were not mistaken in deriving from his case the word "Idiot;" and yet such creatures, glorying in their shame, boast that they are no party men. They may see rogues in high places—the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree, and honesty and public virtue chilled to death in his shadow—but they are unmoved by the sad-sounding spectacle, because they are no party men.

Poor snivelling creatures! What a host of them start up in our political recollection, who have been in all ages of the world the surest props of tyranny, and the saddest oppressors of innocence and virtue!

In our day they see nothing in politics but a brawling lawyer at a ward meeting, or a dirty-faced voter at the polls, with whose person they would not bring their superfine dresses in contact to save the country from disgrace. We have indeed seen good professing Christians, men who have taken degrees at colleges, well born and respectable connected, genteelly dressed and free of debt, (and these we believe are the titles of nobility,) who made no scruple of urging as a reason for absenting themselves from the polls, because they were disgusted with party warfare. They cry peace! peace! when there is no peace. They shut themselves up in their own houses, and foolishly dream that the blast which levels the dwellings of others will pass harmlessly by them, because they are so quiet, and trouble themselves with nobody's business but their own.

They are lineal descendants of that timid servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and hid it in the earth, lest he should lose it; and the reward of the timid servant will be theirs."

ALARMING!

"THE OREGON COUNTRY.—A late number of the London Times says, the negotiations in reference to this territory are quietly and steadily proceeding in London; and we have no doubt that another year the Ministers will be able to lay before the nation as satisfactory a settlement of the northwestern as they have already done of the northeastern boundary of the United States."—*New York Herald.*

God forbid! For in that event, we shall lose a large slice of our rightful possessions.

It seems unlucky for this Republic to fall into the hands of Massachusetts negotiators.

Mr. J. Q. Adams gave up a large slice of Territory including the whole of Texas at the *South-east*.

Mr. Webster has given up another snug slice at the *North-east*.

And now it seems, Mr. Everett is about to satisfy British cupidity on the *North-west*.—*Ken-*

dall's Expositor.

THE RIGHT KIND OF TALK.—The Pennsylvanian makes some very good remarks upon the subject of the "diversion" the whigs are promising themselves while anticipating a contest among the friends of the several prominent men of the Democratic party, who have been named in different sections of the Union as candidates for the Presidency; and among other very proper things, says: "All Democrats are Van Buren men—Buchanan men—Calhoun men—Johnson men—Cass men—because Van Buren, Buchanan, Calhoun, Johnson, and Cass, are all Democrats—all belong to the 'party.' We may have each our honorable preference, and may use all honorable means to advance this preference; but any one of the candidates named would ably and faithfully sustain the principles of Democracy as President of the United States, and this is the great object of 'the party,' and all that any of its members desire or have in view.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.—The Dutch Reformed Church always had a rule that "the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is prohibited by the law of God." The General Synod of this Church, recently in session at Albany, have rescinded this rule by a vote of forty-eight to twenty-two.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.—Van Buren's fate is sealed."—*Eastern Argus.*

POETRY.

THE SEA-BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait ye winds! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet.
Whose station is at home?
Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there,
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to Father! reverend hulk!
In spite of metal—spite of bulk,
Soon may his cable slip!

And while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude we'll hoist,
In duty to the ship!

Farewell to Mother! "first class" she!
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;

May providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to Sister! lovely yacht!
But whether she'll be "manned" or not,
I cannot now foresee;

May some good ship a "tender" prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George! the jolly boat!
And all the little craft afloat
In home's delightful bay!

When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom give them weather guage,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;

But summoned by the board above,
We'll harbour in the port of love,
And all be moor'd together.

I LOVE THAT HOUR.

There is an hour, when all our past pursuits,
The dreams and passions of an early day,
The uprise blessedness that dropp'd away
From our young tree of Life—like blasted fruits—
All rush into the soul. Some beauteous form
Of one we loved and lost, or dying tone
Haunting the heart with music that is flown,
Still lingers near us with an awful charm!
I love that hour—for it is deeply fraught
With images of things no more to be;
Visions of hope, and pleasure, madly sought,
And sweet dreams of love and purity.
The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain,
And all my boyhood worshipped—but in vain!

From the Lady's World of Fashion.
THIS EMIR'S DAUGHTER.

"Sing again, Christian," said the Emir's daughter
to the captive who knelt at her feet.

"What shall I sing?" asked the minstrel, starting
from a reverie, and carelessly running his fingers over
the instrument, giving utterance to a prelude of wild
but exquisitely melodious tones.

"Shall I sing of war, or of love, or—and his voice
became suddenly sad—"of captivity?"

The princess turned her large dark eyes on the speaker,
and involuntarily sighed, for she knew how much that little word meant.

"No—not of captivity—sing of some gayer
theme—let it be of love," she continued, and the blood mounted to her forehead as she spoke.

"There is but one song I remember of that kind,"
replied the minstrel in a sad but musical voice, whose
softened accents told how grateful he felt for the sympathy of the maiden. "There is but one song of
that kind I remember, and it is of my far off home—
Lady, I know not that can sing it, for it fills my
heart with tears when I think of it now, but your wish
is my law," and again running his fingers over the
instrument, he evoked a strain of melody that might
have been from the stars.

The maiden leaned her face on her hand to listen;
and as she reclined thus, the minstrel thought he had
never seen anything so beautiful. Her brow was as
smooth as marble; her mouth and chin cut in the most
exquisite proportions, while her long lashes drooping
over her eyes, gave them the depth of shaded water.
If there was majesty in that face, there was also grace.

If the classic features made it for a moment seem
stern, the kind smile and softened look of the eyes re-
lieved you instantly from the feeling. And now, as
she gazed on the minstrel, there was a dewy tend-
erness in those full dark orbs which might have said
volumes to him if he had noticed them closely, which
perhaps he did. He raised his head and spoke:

"The words are my own language, but the music
you can understand."

The princess nodded, and he began. The song
was mournful, and before the minstrel had finished,
he had drawn tears into the eyes of the listener, merely
by the touching pathos of his voice. A pause en-
sued.

"Sir minstrel," she said suddenly, "you pine for
your country—do you not?"

"Can I forget the home where I was born, or the
church yard where my father sleeps?" he answered
sadly. Again there was a pause, and there seemed a
struggle in the lady's bosom. When she spoke, there
was a deep emotion in her voice.

"And would you run the peril of reaching the Chris-
tian camp, if your escape thence was comitted at?"

"Dear lady, yes!"

"You shall go. To-night there will be one at the
seaward postern—you are allowed the freedom of the
interior—the gate will be opened for you, and a boat
at hand. And may the god you worship bless and
preserve you"—and she turned away to hide her tears.

A new light broke in upon the minstrel. Could it
be that he was beloved? Was this the cause of the
kindness with which he had been treated? With a
sudden hope he was about to fling himself at the feet
of the princess, when one of her father's eunuchs en-
tered the apartment, and he was forced to resume his
instrument in order to conceal his emotions. No fur-
ther opportunity to speak with his mistress occurred
during the day, and he left her presence towards the
evening in despair.

Should he avail himself of her offer to escape? If
he were certain of her love, nothing could induce him
to fly without her; but did she love him? This ques-
tion the captive could not answer. Harassed with
doubts, he saw the appointed hour arrive without hav-
ing come to any conclusion. A new hope now arose.
He would meet his mistress at the postern. Alas!
there was no one there but an eunuch, whom she had
bribed, who was perversely silent. The minstrel was
still in doubt, when lights were seen in the garden,
advancing towards the postern. No time was to be
lost. The eunuch pushed him into the boat, the crew
of which instantly rowed off from the land; and the
captive, yielding to his fate, bade farewell forever to
the Emir's daughter.

But he could not forget her. Even after arriving
at the Christian camp, and resuming his round, for all
had thought him dead, his only thought was of the
Saracen beauty; and long he lingered in Palestine, when
his interest should have called him home, hoping
to hear of her. But despair at length took pos-
session of him, and he returned sadly to Europe, where
the fairest ladies of his own gay province strove in
vain to win him by their smiles.

Oh! had he known the agony with which the Emir's
daughter watched, from her tower, his departure—had
he been told how, day by day, she sought to glean
some intelligence of his arrival at the Christian camp,
he would have left his broad possessions at once, and
found his way back to her, through a thousand perils,

rather than she should consider him ungrateful. But, did he imagine the sacrifice she had made. Since
the first day she had seen the pale but still noble-looking captive, she had surrendered to him her heart; and the offer of his freedom sprang from the heroic
wish to see him happy, even at the sacrifice of his company. Had he spoken his love then, and she almost wished he would, few words would have induced her to sacrifice father, country, and faith, to follow
him; but he was silent, and she feared her love was despised. Still, her noble heart refused to take its revenge by interrupting his escape; but she watched his departure, hoping to the last that he would communicate the shadowy figure of the receding boat, she flung herself on her cushions, and wept as if her heart would break. From that day, her attendants noticed that she grew paler and thinner, as if some secret malady was eating out her life. But none suspected the truth.

In the proud castle of Limoges sat the owner leaning his head on his hand. He was thinking of her who had set him free from Moslem slavery, and when he recalled her beauty and gentleness, he felt as if it would be no sacrifice to surrender houses and lands and knightly honors, to be again the captive minister at her feet, enjoying her smiles and her sympathy, even though denied her love.

"It is in vain," he said; "I can find no happiness here. Beauty has no charms for me. I will go again to Palestine, and never return until I see her." He was about to summon his squire, when that individual entered the room.

"There is a page, my lord," he said, "without, who wishes to see you on urgent business."

"Let him enter." The youth, apparently of Italian origin, appeared and stood humbly at the door, until the knight signed him to advance. The page looked at the squire, when his master, understanding the hint, ordered him to leave the room. Then hastily advancing, the youth threw off his hat, and exposed to view a countenance of singularly feminine beauty, for one of his sex.

"Henri! Henri!" said the page, and bursting into tears, fell at the knight's feet.

"My own Zena," and the knight clasped her to his bosom; for it was the Emir's daughter.

"And how did you thread your way through such innumerable dangers?" the knight asked, using her own tongue, when after weeping long upon his bosom she was somewhat composed.

"I know not. Your God—for him I now serve—protected me. I fled, bearing with me a few jewels, determined to seek you out, and be your minister as you have been mine. I assumed this disguise, and knowing nothing of your language but your name and nation, found my way hither, where for three months, I have wandered up and down, repeating Henri de Limoges. At length a jewel of some price induced a man to bring me hither, and now—how may I be your minister, anything?—only do not send me away!"

"You shall be my own bride;" and so it was; and never in Languedoc was a more beautiful couple than the Count de Limoges and the Emir's daughter.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1824, James H. Robbins conveyed to Enoch Perley, by deed of mortgage of that date, a certain tract of land with the buildings thereon situated in the town of Waterford, County of Oxford, and being the farm on which said Robbins then layed, containing parts of lots No. two in the third range, No. three in the third range and No. two in the second range, as will more fully appear by reference to said deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 24, Page 302. And whereas, said Enoch Perley has since deceased, giving the said mortgage chain by will to John Perley and Thomas Perley—and whereas, the said John Perley and Thomas Perley have since deceased, and Marshall glam and John J. Perley have been appointed executors of said Thomas Perley, the undersigned hereby give notice of their said mortgage claim, and that the condition of said mortgage has been broken, by reason whereof they claim a foreclosure of the same.

MARSHAL CRAM, Executors of JOHN J. PERLEY, J. John Perley. RENNSLAER CRAM, Executors of GRINVILLE BLAKE, J. Thomas Perley. Bridgton, May 1, 1843.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Peter Austin, of Errol, in the State of New Hampshire, on the twenty seventh day of October, A. D. 1835, conveyed by deed of Mortgage to Job Hathaway, late of Dixfield in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, deceased, a certain piece or parcel of Real Estate situated in said Dixfield, for a description of which reference may be had to the said record in the Oxford Records at Paris, Jan. 24, 1827—book 50, page 331, and whereas the conditions of the said mortgage have been broken, the subscriber, being Administrator on the Estate of the said Job Hathaway, deceased, claims to foreclose the same in behalf of the heirs to the Estate aforesaid.

ALRED STONE, Administrator. Dixfield, June 1, 1843.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

WILL be sold at public auction by virtue of a license from the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of July next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the store of Erastus Hibbard & Co., in Bethel, in said county, all the right, title, and interest of which Benjamin Russell, late of Bethel, deceased, was possessed of at the time of his decease, in certain parts of the lots of land numbered fourteen and fifteen in the fourth range of lots in said Bethel, subject to the widow's dower therein. A more particular description of the premises, and the terms of sale to be made known at the time and place of sale.

JAMES WALKER, Admr. Bethel, June 26, 1843.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the twelfth day of August A. D. 1843, at the Store of Spring & Goodwin, in Brownfield, at three o'clock in the afternoon. All right in equity CLARK CLEMENT, of said Brownfield, has right to redeem a lot of land lying in said Dixfield, in being the same deeded by William Evans to said Clement, April, A. D. 1836, the sum being subject to a mortgage to Abel Gibson, dated December 24th, 1836, to secure the payment of two hundred and sixty dollars and interest—recorded Book 21, page 353, Oxford Records, Western District, to which due reference may be had.

MERRILL WYMAN, Deputy Sheriff. Frysburg, July 3d, 1843.

Notice.

THIS may certify that I have this day given to my son, Samuel Dolley, one time until he is twenty-one years of age, with power to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

ABNER DOLLEY. Attest: —Welcome Kinsley. Woodstock, June 24th, A. D. 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small bunches on her hind feet; taken up in his enclosure the eighth inst. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

CUSHING PHILLIPS, Pound-keeper of Turner. Turner, June 12th, 1843.

Notice.

THIS day John Allen committed to Pound a red Mare, supposed to be three years old, with small